Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud-stained with these valiant combatans,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*:
Receiue so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.
King. Thou dost bely him *Percy*, thou dost bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the Diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kind from me,
As will displease you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,
Here comes your vncle.
Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Zounds I will speake of him, and let my soule
Want mercy if I do not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, Ile empty all these veines,
And shead my deare bloud, drop by drop i'th dust,
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in 'th ayre as this vnthankfull king,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrooke*.
Nor. Brother the King hath made your *Nephew* mad.
Wor. Who stroke this heate vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners:
And when I vrg'd the ransome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turnd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.
Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaimd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of bloud
Nor. He was; I heard the proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth
Vpon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd and shortly murdered.
Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide-mou
Liue scandaliz'd and foully spoken off.
Hot. But soft I pray you, did King *Richard* then
Proclame my brother *Mortimer*,
Heire to the crowne?
Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his cosin King,
That wisht him on the barren mountaines starue.
But shall it be that you that set the crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull-man,
And for his sake weare the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation? shall it be
That you a world of curses vndergo,
Being the agents, or base second meanes,
The cordes, the laddar, or the hangman rather?
O pardon if that I descend so low,
To shew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this subtil King.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill vp cronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe *Richard* that sweet louely Rose,
And plant this thorne, this canker *Bullingbrooke*?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye vnder-went?

N